

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I get around

I NEVER have been much good at cards, and yesterday I resolved that never again would I touch a pack. Fol-de-Rol Shaun McAlister rang me up and said, "Hello, old boy, got a pack of cards handy?" I found a pack.

"Then," said Shaun, "lay them out on your desk. Cut them and then pick one card. Look at it, but don't tell me what it is. Now put it back, complete the cut, and deal out the cards, telling me what they are one by one."

I did that.

"You picked a black card... It was the eight of spades. Right?"

Right!

Had it been anyone but Shaun I should have pestered him until he told me how it was done. But I know Shaun too well for that.

Told Queen Mary

Only once has he ever been known to divulge the secret of a trick; that was to Queen Mary a few years ago, when, after witnessing his trick of producing numerous cigarettes out of his ears and mouth, her Majesty said, "Tell me how it is done—if it isn't a trade secret. I can't make out how you don't burn yourself."

Shaun explained, and the Queen, in a relieved tone, said, "Oh! Well, I am glad you don't waste cigarettes. That would be dreadful in these times, wouldn't it?"

Grief was the cause of Shaun McAlister becoming a compere conjurer. His aunt sent him a book on elementary magic when he was a boy, to take his mind off his father's death. He read and read the book and he mastered every trick.

Since that time he has never stopped climbing through humour and magic to the top rung of the entertainment ladder. He has appeared in practically every cabaret show in London, and is now touring military camps with the Fol-de-Rols.

Shaun is one of the most immaculate men in the business, and one day I asked him how long a suit of "tails" lasted. "I have to get a new suit every nine months," he told me. "The richest diners turn up in appalling suits. That's one way of showing they're rich. But if I did that I should soon be out of work."

Cuff-Link Payment

Frequently at fashionable cabarets Shaun is invited to dine with the guests. Sometimes, too, he is invited to private parties to entertain.

"Now and again they pay me in cuff-links," he joked, "but although that is very charming and thoughtful, the butcher won't exchange them for meat."

If you see Shaun billed anywhere, and you have time for a chat or a round of golf, look him up. He is expecting you, and will, I assure you, make you very welcome.

I SUPPOSE I must have been in the Cock Tavern, Fleet Street, several thousand times in the last eight or nine years. I have known for some time, of course, that Pepys, Thackeray and Dickens were, in their time, frequent quaffers of ale therein; but it surprised me somewhat to learn that Tennyson, in his "Will Waterproof's

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By
RONALD RICHARDS



SHAWN MCALISTER

Monologue," immortalised this tavern when it was on the opposite side of Fleet Street.

The gilded cock, which was

on the old tavern, over the entrance, was carved by Grinling Gibbons, and a replica is still preserved in the new tavern.

The original name was the

"Cock and Bottle," a cock being an old name for a spigot or tap in a barrel.

DR. E. MARION DELF, Lecturer and Reader in Botany at Westfield College, London University, told the Royal Society of Arts in a recent lecture that in all probability seaweed would be on ration in the near future—in the form of silk.

Other war-time products from seaweed include type-writer rollers, transparent wrappings, cattle fodder, medicines and fertilisers.

MIXED bathing will be as usual in Hyde Park Serpentine this year, announces the L.C.C. Fishing, too, I understand, will be permitted again this year from June until March 14, 1944.

A NOTHER amusing sign at a Victoria news-vendor's stand (it appeared within an hour of the news of the bombing of the Ruhr dams) :—

"How wet is my valley."

ONCE the home of Sir William Gilbert, of Gilbert and Sullivan, Grim's Dyke, at Harrow, Middlesex, will be opened this summer to the public.

It was here that Sir William was drowned in his own swimming pool, nearly 32 years ago, while trying to save the life of a guest. For years following the tragedy sightseers pestered the place. Gilbert's widow lived there until her death in 1937.

The estate was then secured by the County Council for £45,000. The house proper is now a home for old people. The most unique and valuable relics have been moved to the British Museum.

THE modern family as an M.P. sees it: Man, woman, and radiogram.

W. H. MILLIER asks this question— WHY DID JACK JOHNSON NEVER FIGHT SAM LANGFORD?

THE first thing Jack Johnson did after becoming champion of the world was to emulate Kaiser Wilhelm II in dropping his pilot.

Sam Fitzpatrick was an honoured name in the inner circle of boxing. He had worked hard to get Johnson to the top, and he succeeded after journeying halfway round the world with the negro. How was he repaid? You may well ask. Johnson did not overwhelm his old manager with thanks for all he had done. He just gave him a soldier's farewell.

Johnson did a number of queer performances after this, but it is my belief that his act in parting from his kindly counsellor in such a sourly manner was the match that lit the powder-train which eventually blew him into gaol. The house that Jack built!

If any public figure-head ever had more enemies I would like to be told his name—Hitler, Goering and Goebbels being barred in this connection. I may have something to say about the hate campaign that was worked against Johnson, but at this stage I think it fair to point out that the charge which landed him in the stone jug was a frame-up. His skin was as black as coal, but he was not black all through. Far from it.

The Colour Line

Let us judge him as a champion, for in that respect he was a great man. Many excellent judges would have rated him higher still if only he had consented to defend his title against Sam Langford. I have never been able to get a really satisfactory explanation. The blunt fact is that no inducement in the world would coax Johnson to meet his most persistent challenger.

Langford was never bombastic, but for years he declared that Johnson was afraid to meet him in the ring.

It was advanced in support of this claim that Johnson well knew his rival's ability, as they had fought each other in the U.S. in 1906, when Johnson was given the decision on points. I could never visualise Johnson being afraid of anything on legs. He was black right enough, but he certainly wasn't yellow.

It was Langford who had been nominated by the N.S.C. to fight the winner of the Burns-Johnson contest, and immediately after the Sydney slaughter, Peggy Bettinson cabled Johnson to remind him of his undertaking. The terms offered by the Club were, indeed, as Johnson said they were, "absolutely ridiculous."

Burns had demanded £6,000, win, lose or draw. He received this sum. Johnson cleared little more than his expenses.

Was he to be blamed for asking for that same figure after he had won the title? I do not think so.

In the light of subsequent demands by various champions it seems that Johnson was unduly modest in this instance, although modesty was not one of his virtues.

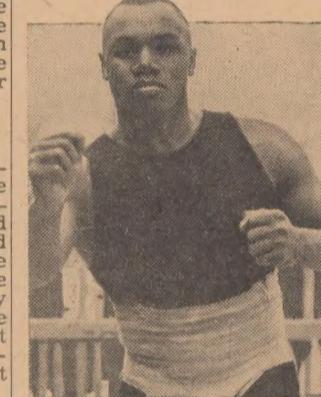
At all events, he never did meet Langford again; and the real reason for his persistent refusal is known only to Johnson himself. After he had so completely outclassed Burns, ring-followers, like so many parrots, kept repeating the old tag, "A good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un."

Big Ones Fall Heavily

If you accept this as a pearl of wisdom you may wonder still more why Johnson would not tackle his smaller rival. Langford was half an inch shorter than Burns, and weighed much the same; that is, about 12st. 7lbs. at his best. It was Langford who used to say, "The bigger they are the better I like 'em; the heavier they are, the heavier they fall."

Personally, I have never accepted it as an inviolable law that "The good big 'un will always beat the good little 'un," but perhaps I am prejudiced in this respect. The smallest of small boys is immensely bucked when his governess or nurse first tells him the story of David and Goliath and thus gives that vital spark that means so much in the forming of what we are pleased to term character.

Do you think we should ever have seen that wonder of the age, Jimmy Wilde, if that spark had never been infused in him, if the story of David and Goliath had never been told?



SAM LANGFORD

Johnson has left us an unsolved riddle which many cunning investigators have given up. Let us pass on to the "Boston Tar Baby." This was the name bestowed on Sam Langford, who first entered the ring in Boston, in which city he had his home. He was born at Weymouth, Nova Scotia.

Langford first visited London just before Burns and Johnson came here. In his two easy fights at the N.S.C. he revealed himself as an outstanding performer.

He opposed Tiger Smith for his first contest. The fighters of that time didn't worry about conceding weight as much as they did in later days, and although Smith was never more than a middle-weight, most of his opponents were heavy-weights.

The Knock-Out

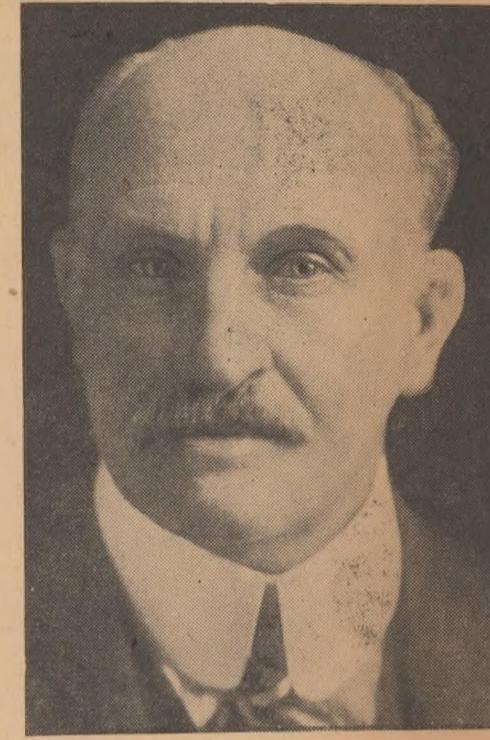
A native of Merthyr Tydfil, Wales, Smith won a big reputation in India when serving in the Army, but he was not a great success as a professional.

All the same, he did well to last four rounds with Langford, who knocked him out with a murderous punch.

The game old Tiger was finally knocked out for good a few years ago, when the roof of the mine in which he was working collapsed on him.

For his second contest here Langford had an even easier journey. His opponent, Geoff Thorne, was knocked out in the first round. Geoff was a likeable personality. His real name

Mr. A. F. (Peggy) BETTINSON, Director of the National Sporting Club, a notable character in the history of the Prize Ring.



was G. L. Townsend, and he won the amateur heavy-weight championship in 1897, and again the following year, when he also won the middle-weight title the same day. He had previously won the middle weight championship in 1895.

As a professional, he was popular with the crowd, and whether he won or lost, he was never allowed to leave the ring until he had turned a somersault.

On the night that Langford won so quickly, another famous black made his appearance in the same ring. This was Sam McVea, a thick-set negro weighing about 15st.

Two Blacks—One White

This particular Sam would never have won a beauty competition among even the ugliest cannibals, but he could fight. He had fought Johnson three times, although he had never been matched with Langford up to the time in question.

His victory over Ben Taylor, a big, fleshy heavy-weight known as "The Woolwich Infant," was almost as easy as Langford's win, and it would have been much more satisfactory had the two blacks been opposed to each other.

A few years later they had their first meeting in Paris, and it was such a terrific battle that they repeated their performance over and over again in Australia, and in the United States.

They met thirteen times in all, and one of these days I may give some more details of the most outstanding of these encounters. McVea died in 1922, just two years after he had said good-bye to the ring, in which he had always given his best.

Ben Taylor, by the way, comes in for mention because he was the only man to fight Johnson in England, though fight is scarcely the correct word, because it was more or less an exhibition on Johnson's part. No doubt the negro could have won in the first round had he wished, but he must have been very indulgent in carrying Taylor until the eighth round, when he knocked him out.

This took place in the old Cosmopolitan Gymnasium, Plymouth, which was later to become one of the most notable boxing nurseries in the Kingdom, particularly for Navy boxers.

Ben Taylor was a fairly useful heavy-weight, though not up to championship class. His main interest in life was dog-racing, prior to the entry of greyhound racing into the life of the people. The two things are vastly different. Ben used to spend all his time, when he was not in the ring, with his

whippets, and he had a fair reputation as a trainer.

Treat For Plymouth

The people of Plymouth saw what the more affluent sport followers of London didn't. They saw Jack Johnson in a contest, and I believe this contributed more than anything towards the success of the old "Cosmo" that came later. It is now but a tomb of fistic reputations.

Johnson would gladly have fought Tommy Burns in London, but at that time London had not learned how to count up to 6,000 in pounds sterling just to hand over to one boxer.

The negro obligingly displayed his wares to a select few in one or two private exhibitions, and afterwards appeared on the music-hall stage. In these exhibitions he boxed amateurs, which may sound a trifle absurd, but not when I tell you that the amateurs concerned were genuine glove-artists.

At a place known as the Thieves' Kitchen—I never knew how it earned its name, except that it was frequented by stockbrokers and their associates, and was perhaps meant to be self-explanatory—Johnson boxed J. W. H. Douglas. Observe the initials.

At a date later than the period under review, a wit among the renowned barrackers of the Sydney cricket ground turned them into "Johnny Won't Hit To-day." He captained England against Australia, and, when it suited his side, Johnny was indeed the prince of stonewallers.

In the boxing ring the witicism most decidedly was not true. Johnny would hit, and hit hard. He was a grim sportsman, but a sportsman in the real sense of the word.

The Rich Boxer

Had he been less wealthy and compelled to take to the ring for his livelihood, he must have become a notable champion. As it was, he won the amateur middle-weight championship in 1905, and was always ready to try out any of the professional giants in private.

Johnny gave Johnson a lively bout, and won the admiration of the few fortunate onlookers. It was then that we realised how clever Johnson was at evading punishment. It took a clever boxer to land a punch on Johnson. The term may sound out of place in boxing, but it is quite apt to say that Johnson was the greatest stone-waller of them all.

Johnson, when questioned about his wonderful defence, used to say, "Oh, I just pick 'em off."

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS 22

1. Put the same three letters, in the same order, on each side of the letter O, and thus make a word.

2. One of the following words is mis-spelt. Which is it: PARSIMANY, VOLCANO, MERIDIAN, ANTIMONY?

3. Can you change YARD into MILE, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: TEA into HOT, SEEK into HIDE, NEVER into OFTEN.

4. How many four-letter words can you make from the word ALPHABET?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 21

1. RESTORES.

2. VARIEGATED.

3. ARMY, ARMS, AIMS, DAMS, DAME, NAME, NAVE, NAVY.

BEE, SEE, SET, SAT, FAT, FAY, FLY.

HEAD, HEAL, TEAL, TELL, TALL, TAIL.

CARE, CARS, BARS, BASS, BOSS, LOSS, LESS.

4. Mist, Mast, Stir, Mart, Tram, Rats, Miss, Star, etc.

MISSING WORDS . . .

Four words are missing from the following rhyme. Can you supply them? Here is a clue: The first missing word contains six letters. Drop the first letter and you have the second missing word. Drop the first letter from the five-letter word and you have the third missing word. Drop the first letter from the four-letter word and you have the fourth missing word, a word of only three letters.

With that much thoroughly understood, here is the rhyme:

The x x x x x captain looked annoyed.
In fact, he was x x x x x.
The crew was looking much the same,
Most surely not first x x x x x.
But when the cook said, "Dinner's served,
Nice chicken stew with curry,"
They scrambled to the dining-room
And x x x it in a hurry.

The Greenwich Miracle

By NIGEL MORLAND

IT seemed as if the whole of London—and the rest of the country—took sides in the Ellwood murder.

Coming early in the winter, after a quiet year, the murder had about it all those peculiar elements which make up a *cause célèbre*, the sort of case that arouses passionate emotions and brings great lawyers to battle.

The story was mundane enough. Not fifty yards from Maze Hill Station in East Greenwich was the home of Thomas Ellwood. He was a lighterman on the Thames, who lived with his wife—a handsome if full-blown woman, fully aware of her charms—and his mother.

Old Mrs. Ellwood lived in the sitting-room with them, having been completely paralysed for fifteen years. Added to her burden were deafness and dumbness. She was little more than a human log.

According to the prosecution, Ellwood was aware that his wife had been carrying on for some time with a man named Stackley, a neighbour. Ellwood had returned from an unloading job after being away for three days. He found his wife in a bad temper, and, one thing leading to another, an argument had taken place over the supper table, partially heard by neighbours.

An hour later, somebody had gone in to see Mrs. Ellwood, finding her lying before the fire, her head battered in with the poker. The bizarre



SIX months at sea! Yes, as I live, six months out of sight of land; cruising after the sperm whale beneath the scorching sun of the Line, and tossed on the billows of the wide-rolling Pacific—the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else! Weeks and weeks ago our fresh provisions were all exhausted.

Poor old ship! Her very looks denote her desires: how deplorable she appears! The paint on her sides, burnt up by the scorching sun, is puffed out and cracked. See the weeds she trails along with her, and what an unsightly bunch of these horrid barnacles has formed about her stern-piece; and every time she rises on a sea, she shows her copper torn away or hanging in jagged strips.

Hurrah! It's a settled thing; next week we shape our course to the Marquesas! The Marquesas! What strange visions of outlandish things does the very

name spirit up! Lovely hours—in upon their peaceful repose, her work, the *Dolly* headed to her course, and like one or those characters who always do best when let alone, she jogged on her way like a veteran old sea-pacer as she was.

What a delightful, lazy, languid time we had whilst we were thus gliding along! There was nothing to be done; a circumstance that happily suited our disinclination to do anything.

Such were the strangely jumbled anticipations that haunted me during our passage from the cruising ground.

The group for which we were now steering (although among the earliest of European discoveries in the South Seas, having been first visited in the year 1595) still continues to be tenanted by beings as strange and barbarous as ever. The missionaries, sent on a heavenly errand, had sailed by their lovely shores, and had abandoned them to their idols of wood and stone. How interesting the circumstances under which they were discovered!

In the watery path of Mendanna, cruising in quest of some region of gold, these isles had sprung up like a scene of enchantment, and for a moment the Spaniard believed his bright dream was realised.

In honour of the Marques de Mendoza, then Viceroy of Peru—under whose auspices the navigator sailed—he bestowed upon them the name which denoted the rank of his patron, and gave to the world, on his return, a vague and magnificent account of their beauty. But these islands, undisturbed for years, relapsed into their previous obscurity;

and it is only recently that anything has been known concerning them. Once in the course of a half century, to be sure, some adventurous rover would break

CURIOS ACCIDENTS



PUTTING HIS BACK INTO IT!

The Coronation Trophy Race, first to be held on the new motor-racing circuit built in the grounds of the ruined Crystal Palace. Sixteen drivers in cars up to 1½ litres capacity competed, first in two heats of 40 miles (20 laps), and then the first ten cars in a final heat of 60 miles (30 laps). A dramatic action picture, showing A. Esson-Scott in his Scott Bugatti, charging tail first up the bank in a cloud of dust, scattering press photographers, after he had skidded at "Stadium Dip" in the 13th lap of the final heat. The car went over the bank on all four wheels, coming to rest 15 feet down the slope on the other side. No-one was hurt.

3-MINUTE THRILLER

took and developed four photographs with my own camera of unwilling friends and neighbours of the family. I stood in front of the old lady and mimed what I wanted. I held up each photograph in turn so that she could see it, and proceeded to bludgeon an imaginary person to death with a poker. At the third demonstration with photograph, Mrs. Ellwood gave me the high sign that Stackley had murdered her daughter-in-law—I expect it's the usual story of the lover tiring of his lady. (Solution on Page 3.)

JANE



Herman Melville, author and one-time whaler in the South Seas, here begins the story of his four months among the cannibals of the Marquesas.

our vicinity to the land were apparent, and it was not long before the glad announcement of its being in sight was heard from aloft—given with that peculiar prolongation of sound that a sailor loves "Land ho!"

The captain, darting on deck from the cabin, bawled lustily for his spy-glass. Land-ho! Ay, there it was. A hardly perceptible blue irregular outline, indicating the bold contour of the lofty heights of Nukuheva.

This island, although generally called one of the Marquesas, is by some navigators considered as forming one of a distinct cluster, comprising the islands of Roohka,

Continued on Page 3.

QUIZ
for today

1. Who were (a) Peter Pan, (b) Peter Simple, (c) Peter Porcupine?

2. What is a bodega?

3. Who was the Shogun?

4. What is the meaning of "Ben trovato"?

5. Where are the telescope mountains?

6. After what is lyddite named?

7. Who said, "Lay on, Mac-Duff"?

8. Who was (a) the Jersey Lily, (b) Mr. Jersey?

9. One of these words is not in the Bible; which is it: Plane, Pilots, Observer, Wings, Operation, Flight, Rudder, Engines?

10. How many stars are there on the flags of (a) Australia, (b) New Zealand?

11. What is a Hadji?

12. Why is a barmaid sometimes called Hebe?

Answer to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Iceland.

2. (a) The New Forest, (b) The Isle of Wight, (c) England.

3. The Portland Vase.

4. Half a hundredweight.

5. (a) A rich guard (b) a farmer, (c) helmet of resolution.

6. (a) One and a half inches, (b) four inches.

7. Winchester.

8. A mews was a place where falcons (or mews) were kept. The word has been applied to stables since 1537.

9. Cheiromancy.

10. H.M.S. Diamond Rock, in the Caribbean Sea.

11. Alexander Selkirk; Daniel Defoe.

12. A kind of jelly-fish.



Beelzebub Jones**Belinda****Popeye****Ruggles****TYPEE**

Continued from Page 2.
Ropo, and Nukuheva; upon which three the appellation of the Washington Group has been bestowed. They form a triangle, and lie within the parallels of 8° 38' and 9° 32' south latitude, and 139° 20' and 140° 10' west longitude, from Greenwich.

Nukuheva is the most important of these islands, being the only one at which ships are much in

the habit of touching. This island is about twenty miles in length, and nearly as many in breadth. It has three good harbours on its coast.

In the bay of Nukuheva was the anchorage we desired to reach. We had perceived the loom of the mountains about sunset; so that, after running all night with a very light breeze, we found ourselves close in with the island the next morning; but as the bay we sought lay on its farther side, we were obliged to sail some distance along the shore, catching, as we proceeded, short glimpses of blooming valleys, deep glens, waterfalls, and waving groves, hidden here and there by projecting and rocky headlands, every moment opening to the view some new and startling scene of beauty.

Those who for the first time visit the South Seas, generally are surprised at the appearance of the islands when beheld from the sea. From the vague accounts we sometimes have of their beauty, many people are apt to picture to themselves enamelled and softly swelling plains, shaded over with delicious groves, and watered by

purling brooks, and the entire country but little elevated above the surrounding ocean. The reality is very different; bold rock-bound coasts, with the surf beating high against the lofty cliffs, and broken here and there into deep inlets, which open to the view thickly-wooded valleys, separated by the spurs of mountains clothed with tufted grass, and sweeping down towards the sea from an elevated and furrowed interior, form the principal features of these islands.

(Continued to-morrow)

SOLUTION TO THREE-MINUTE THRILLER.

"But how did the old lady tell you?" Shott demanded.

"Easy. I showed her that one blink meant 'yes'" — Mrs. Pym nodded her head violently — "and two blinks meant 'no.' She might be completely paralysed, but in such cases the eyelids are never affected."

ODD CORNER

ONE is apt to take the word of a dictionary as infallible, as if that book, like the King, can do no wrong. But it can.

In Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary he described a "pastern" as the knee of a horse, whereas it is the part of the foot between the fetlock and the hoof. When taxed with his error, he honestly admitted, "Ignorance, madam, sheer ignorance."

Webster, in the first edition of his dictionary, described a wicket-keeper as "the player in cricket who stands with a bat to protect

the wicket from the ball." A long-stop, he says, is "one who is sent to stop balls sent a long distance."

The best brains of France were engaged on the compilation of the Dictionary of the French Academy. When they came to the word "crab," these gentlemen went into solemn conference, and after much discussion, decided to define it as "a little red fish that walks backward."

But one member of this brains trust objected. The crab, he said, was not a fish, was not red until boiled, and did not walk backward. Objection sus-

Women Keep Out!

By PETER DAVIS

THESE are critical days for the world's strangest army of wife dodgers, the Alimony Club of New York. The honorary president used to be Warden Tom Kane, governor of the New York County Jail. He discovered that two-thirds of his guests were men who wouldn't, or couldn't, pay alimony.

Tom Kane had original ideas on how prisoners should be treated, and he promptly gave all the wife-dodgers a prison-house of their own, with unlimited freedom within its walls. Now, alas! Tom Kane has retired.

Under his regime prisoners were allowed five visitors' days a week instead of three, and two daily telephone calls.

"I never saw a wife come to visit her husband in the jail," says Kane. "Four or five times a year a woman would come to get her ex-husband released. They realised that a man in jail could never pay alimony. Mostly the wives let the men stay in jail until someone pays up."

The Alimony Club is only one of many anti-woman leagues. In Leeds you can find a cosy room, to which it would be as difficult for a woman to gain admittance as for a white man to become High Lama of Tibet.

It is the headquarters of the Woman Haters' Society, and all the members have been either jilted or divorced from their wives.

They have all sworn never to employ a woman if a man can do the work, never to keep company with women, never to buy presents for women other than near relatives, and not to surrender seats in a train or bus to other than elderly or infirm women or one who is carrying a baby.

Halifax has a Henpecked Husbands' Club, which was threatened not long ago by the retaliatory measure of a Wives' Defence League.

But surely the strangest of all is the Scaphandres organisation. To escape women, members wear diving helmets and foregather at the bottom of lakes.

In Spain, seven thousand men recently joined another woman-hating organisation, the Society of Misanthropes.

They were pledged never to give presents to women, never to send birthday cards to any females other than their mothers, and, so far as possible, to steer clear of women's company on social occasions.

To celebrate the completion of the first year of their existence as a club, the society decided to give a ball. Tickets sold like wildfire, a huge hall was hired, and on the great evening all the members turned up, each accompanied by a woman.

The Misanthropes are still in existence, but members now bring their wives to club dinners.

CROSSWORD CORNER**CLUES ACROSS.**

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10						11		
12				13	14			
15				16		17		
				18	19			
20	21					22	23	
				25	26			
24				27	28	29	30	31
32	33				34	35		
36				37				
38						39		

CLUES DOWN.

1 Sign of derision. 2 Brighten. 3 Minute portion. 4 Peit with missiles. 5 Allots. 6 Mineral. 7 Associate. 8 Staffordshire town. 9 Scattered. 14 Animal. 16 Non-experts. 19 Durable timber. 20 Sport. 21 Harvest worker. 23 Beautiful youth. 26 Teacher. 28 United metal. 30 Gull. 31 Chair. 33 Low. 34 Dull colour.

GIMLET	PUMP
EMU	NOMINAL
UPSHOT	PITY
MOTOR	METT
SEMPYREAN	I
GET	C DUG
ADOPTION	U
WAY	LOPED
CHILD	MORALE
HANDBAG	WIN
EDGY	BYPLAY

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed
to : "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



"OO-er ! Feels funny underneath my
tootsies. I'm almost sinking. And that
soapy water keeps creeping nearer and
nearer. I don't know whether I like it or not. I feel so terribly lonely.
All undressed, too. But I'll go on, an' I'll discover ALL sorts of things."



"Maybe it does look like the 'last straw,' but
what do I care ! Hell ! Can't a girl doll-up
for a binge ?"



This England

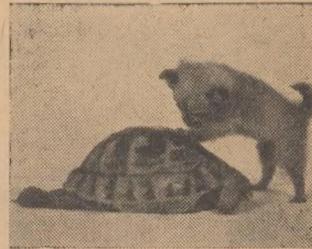
storm they've weathered together. Many's the smile that's crowned
the joint survival of hard times.

Mum and Dad . . .
Grannie and Grandpa . . . it's all the
same. Many's the

ROUGH-RIDIN'



"Say, wake up. I wanna lift.
No time for loafin' around."



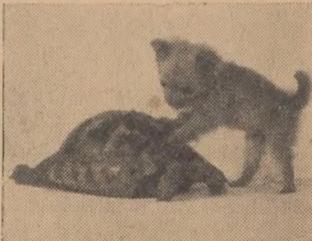
"Come on, come on. A guy
can't wait all day, an' no
gentleman ever keeps a gal
waitin'."



"It's YOU I'm talkin' to.
Show yerself, an' don't be
stupid."



"So you won't play ball,
huh ? Don't kid yerself, and
quit playin' possum."



"You might just as well have
done it right away, you boob !
Stay put, while I mount. Any
foolin', and yer for it. Get
goin'."



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"It'd be quicker to
walk, chum !"